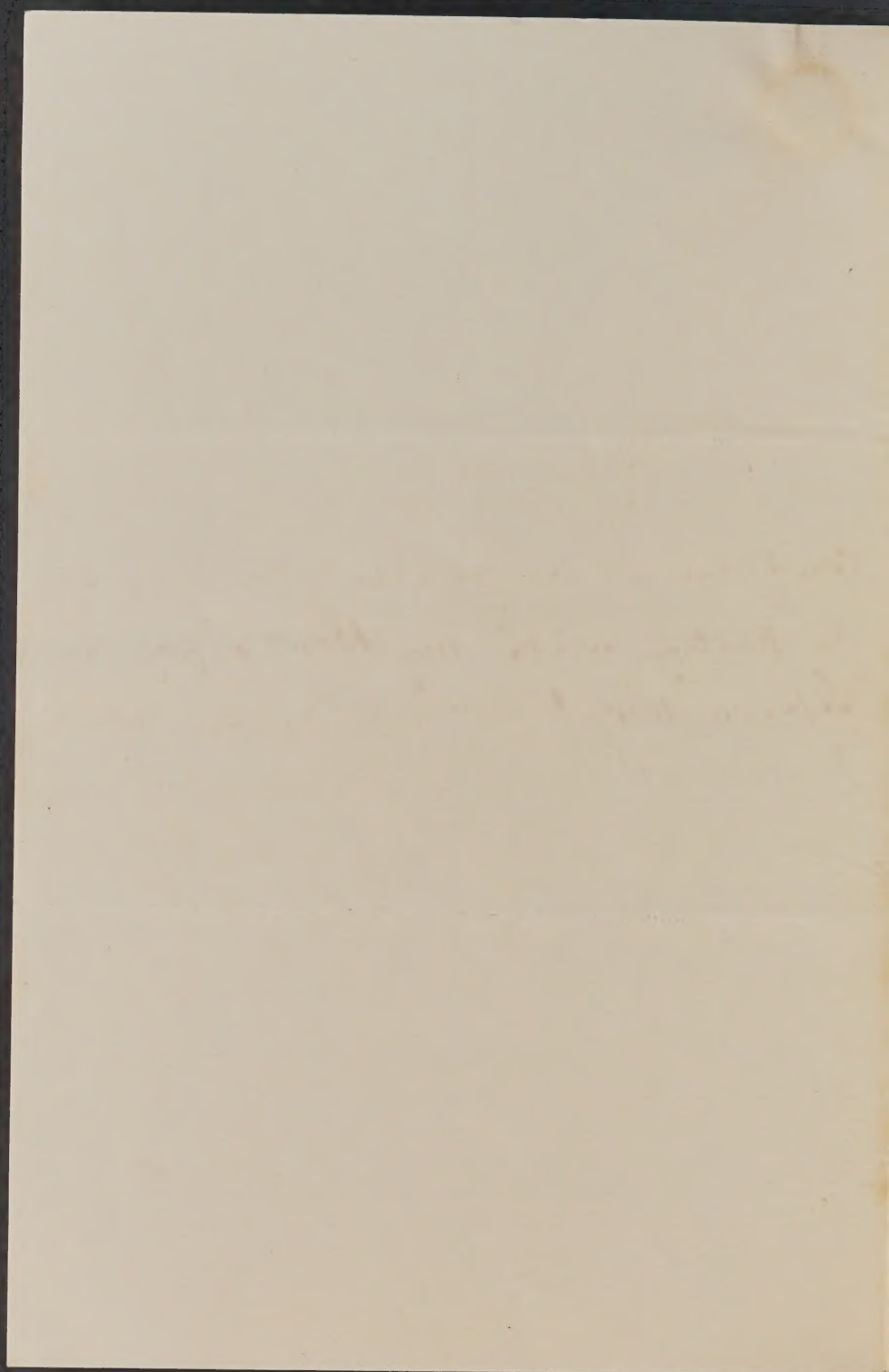


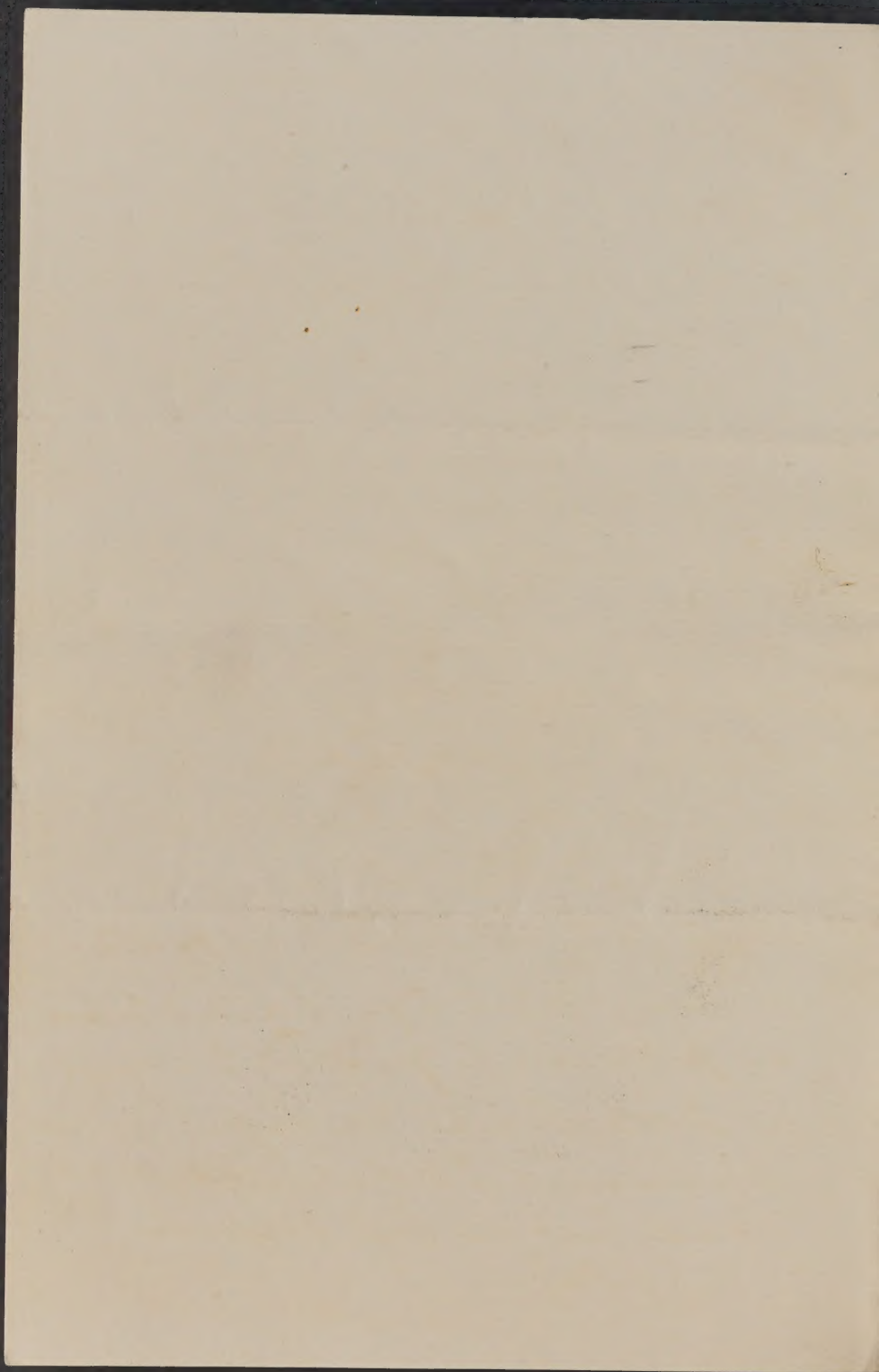
25 H. W. S. Molebank

8^o Martii 1847

Dear Follier

If a man violate private
Confidence he ought to be exposed.
On parting with my Books for the
Lesson 1847, 'the Gods made me
poetical' and I vented my sorrow
swan like in a Song. I sent Bruce
a Copy - and the wretch has got an
amateur printer at Bunscomb to
print it - So I send You a copy that
You may see how ill I have been
used. Hoping Your throat is better
I remain
Ever yours sincerely
William I Thoms





SONNET

ON THE OPENING OF THE SESSION, 1847.

*For him was lever han at his beddes hed
Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.*

CHAUCER.

*Me, poor man ! my library
Was dukedom large enough.*

SHAKSPERE.

Farewell, my trusty leathern-coated friends !
'Tis fitting, for a while, that we should part ;
For I, as duty points, must shape my ends,
Obey what reason bids, and not my heart.
What though 'tis mine to listen in that Hall
Where England's peers, grave, rev'rend, potent, sit,
To hear the classic words from STANLEY fall,
BROUGHAM's biting sarcasm, LYNDHURST's polish'd wit,
The measur'd sentence of THE GREAT, CALM DUKE,
It is not mine to commune with the men.
Not so when I unfold some favourite book,
CHAUCER and I grow boon companions then,
And SHAKSPERE, deigning at my hearth to sit,
Charms me with mingled love, philosophy and wit.

W. J. T.

[William John Thomas]

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